Knows Higher Mathematics and Four Languages at Eight Years of Age

ROOKLINE, Mass., thinks it possesses the youngest high school pupil in the United States, as well as the most remarkable, in

The boy is only eight years old. His name is William James Sidis, the only son of Dr. Boris Sidis, a prominent Russian-American physician.

He is master of four languages, is an adept in higher mathematics and is able to do calculations far in advance of his classmates, all of whom are considerably older. The prodigy is regarded with awe by his school associates and with wonder by

More wonderful still is the fact that this eightyear-old boy is devising a simplified system of advanced English grammar, and has also devised a new system of doing logarithms.

Under the leadership of Prof. George I. Aldrich, as superintendent, the Brooklyn schools have attained a high rank in the educational system of Massachusetts, and the requirements as to scholarship for admission to the high school are, as a rule, rigidly lived up to.

ment of young Sidis that rules were waived, after the matter had been thoroughly discussed between Superintendent Aldrich, Dr. Sidis, Prof. William James, of Harvard, and 12, and gave the correct answer in a flash. other prominent educators, and little William was allowed to enter without many of the prescribed formalities.



William James Sidis. Master of Four Languages

"exam" before Superintendent Aldrich and the principal, So much, however, was known of the mental develop- but he convinced them in a few moments that he was eligible, so far as scholarship went. To test the lad's quickness at figures he was asked to multiply 12 by 12 by

"Where is my boy going to stop?" repeated Dr. Sidis, when asked the question. "I do not know. He took to He did, however, undergo a rather severe private books almost from the cradle. Long before other children



speaking and reading good English,

"At first his mother and I were alarmed at his wonderful

"He has not been forced to study. Rather, at the age, but the boy preferred his books or the lessons my thing in the study line equally foreign to the nature of wife and I taught him.

"Still, he isn't a weakling, physically, by any means is to protect his eyesight from possible harm.

of mapping it out in any definite way. His mind is a taking part in the sports, thoroughly mathematical one, and he takes delight in the French German, and Latin.

in less than the prescribed four years. He may then enter the state of in less than the prescribed four years. He may then enter may be some college but, as I said, the future is yet to be met.

It was thought wonderful when Norbert Wiener, the possible, in his educational development."

from his eat, and his childish face is noticeable in the is out of the Brookline High School.

But when the lad is called upon to take his place at the blackboard and demonstrate a mathematical problem

Then Master Sidis takes up work on a system of adprecocity, but the boy was normal in every respect, per- vanced English grammar, which he is arranging, and lectly sound and healthy, and a child in everything but his which his father and other educators believe has the merit

of greater simplicity than any present system. As a side issue, he indulges in some astronomical calutset, we did all we could to discourage it. We wanted culations, or he may do a few logarithms, of which he to have him go out and play, like other children of his has devised a new system, or he may take a shy at some-

the average boy of eight years. Already his classmates like him, for there is no trace We have looked to that, as well as to his mental develop- of megalomania about him, and he is always willing to ment. He exercises regularly, and spends a certain time help them with a problem they find difficult. So far he out in the air. Of course, he has to wear glasses, but that has not gone in for any of the school societies, although he has said that he might, a little later, join the athletic as-"As to his future, we have not yet seriously thought sociation, more for the fellowship than with any idea of

William comes naturally by bright mentality. His famost abstruse problems. As to languages you know we ther was for seven years assistant in psychology, at the Russians have a facility for them so I am not at all sur- New York Pathological Institute, and for two years diprised at the readiness with which he acquired English, rector of the Psycho-Pathological Hospital, of the New ench German, and Latin.

York Infirmary, and has made a study of mentality of all kinds. His book, "Muitiple Personality," opened up a new

We intend to let him pick his own course, as much as eleven-year-old son or Prof. Leo Wiener, of Harvard, entered Tufts College this year, with a high rank in scholar-Willie's classmates in the high school are boys of almost twice his years and size. His feet do not reach the floor establish an even higher record in scholarship before he

MR. KIPLING IN BITTER MOOD.

the eyes of all his classmates are upon him, as are his teacher's, for they now know the demonstration will be made, and correctly, as fast as he can write the figures. He is already far ahead of his class.

Physics are a second-year study, but he takes them now with the sophomores, and it is expected by his teachers that he will be advanced to that class in all the studies before many months of the school term are over.

But his activities do not end with the schoolroom. At home, after school hours, he is busy with his lessons for

THE CANDIDATE

A Political Romance (Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers) By Joseph A. Altsheler

rention, is nominated for the Presidency. Harley, the pandering to the "common people," the correspondent of the New York Gazette, is the first "ignorant mob," the "million-footed." to tell the candidate the good news. He accompanies Churchill himself, although not old, had the Grayson's to their Western home, and meets
Grayson's nicce, Sylvia Morgan, from Idaho. The lish common people, and he despised them, two are mutually attracted, though they are critical of each other. Harley, together with other correconviction of his own superiority. of each other. Hariey, together with other correspondents, accompanies the Grayson party back to Chicago, where the campaign opens. On the night of Grayson's great speech, Sylvia, in her enthusiasm, threws her arms about Grayson's neck and kisses him. Harley's from of disapproval is observed by Sylvia. On the following morning Harley finds the incident glaringly illustrated in the yellew journals, and Sylvia named as "Grayson's Egeria; the beautiful young girl who furnishes Western fire for his speeches." Cherchill, correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" in every sense. He correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" is used to the morning Harley for the correspondent of the Monitor, New York's "yellow" is used to stand up against petty persecution, and from the committeeman he passed on to others of Mr. Grayson's immediate following taking "King" Plummer next. Mr. Plummer, in his opinion, was an excellent type of democracy run to riot. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. He was characterized as a coward, not able to stand up against petty persecution, and from the committeeman he passed on to others of Mr. Grayson's immediate for lowing, taking "King" Plummer next. Mr. Plummer, in his opinion, was an excellent type of democracy run to riot. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. He was one of the "boys" in every sense. of Grayson's great speech, Sylvia, in her enthusiasm, characterized as a coward, not able to

ignorance and asks to be received as one of the own sort for the sake of his father. The candidat

CHAPTER XII.

Churchill Strikes.

The conversion and adoption of Mr Heathcote, as Hobart called it, was a pleasant incident in several senses, bringing much quiet gratification to them all and particularly and obviously to the candidate. A hostile element, one intended by others to be hostile and interfering. of social intercourse was increased, and low nature could do so. there, too, was a new type, adding to the variety and interest of the group.

who had expected much from Mr. Heathcote, and who now, as he considered it, saw the committeeman turn traitor. It was not a matter that he could handle strengthens one who walks in the right fully in his dispatches to the Monitor, path. being too intangible to allow of bald assertion, and he was reduced to indirect sertion, and he was reduced to indirect regarded her, and he thought he saw a tacks upon him from a certain source were likely to be renewed, and, moreover, statement. This not satisfying him at slight look of awe appear in her eyes. all, he wrote a long letter to Mr. Good-His opinion of her rose at once. While night, both for the sake of the cause and not able to show merit of the bighest defor the sake of his own feelings, which gree, she could perceive it in others, and of the Monitor that they now obtained said. "You know, Harley, how Hobart is the same cry and who came up two or to hang an innocent man." had been much lacerated. Its production this differentiated her from the rest of cost him a great deal of thought and la-

SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS. necessary for him to spare words, and my Grayson, the dark horse of a national con- the manner in which Jimmy Grayson was

> she is feverishly gay and animated, est in the Old World, and once had had discussed with enthusiasm by the Gray, the rudeness to say to Churchill bimeelt. the rudeness to say to Churchill himself, "What in the devil is Europe to us?" Churchill thus subjected the views of

oration because they had made a vivid impression upon him. He and the "King" had never been able to get on together, the mountaineer treating him with rough with a hauteur which he considered very Plummer's type seemed the greatest danger the country could have. of respect for diplomacy, their want of on's party crosses the Mississippi and Missouri into form and ceremony, their brutal habit of his opinion revolutionary. He did not see how dealings with foreign nations, which always loomed very large to him, could be rey's request to detain one unlucky native who intends taking a train for the Coast, in desertion of his wife and home. Harley has wired the wife to come. She arrives on time, and the two are reconciled. The next day Mrs. Grayson and Sylvia join the party. The former, observing Sylvia's increasing interest in Harley, summons Plummer, whose rearries from the party of the country interest in Harley, summons Pharmer, whose reappearance further embarrasses the girl. Mrs. Grayzon a sneer as invariably the best weapon; if you were opposed to anything, the proper way to attack it was by sneering

> have your arguments refuted. passed to some of his associates-like the Monitor, he never hesitated to befoul his on, not the less because his first feeling own nest-and he told Mr. Goodnight now the candidate was using them, how they had wholly fallen under the spell of his undeniable charm of manner, and how

> As he sealed his long letter, Churchill felt the conscious glow of right-doing and stern self-sacrifice. He had written thus newspaper, with her picture on the front for the good of the party and the good of the country, and he was strengthened, too, by the feeling that he could not posthe sense of omniscience, which it communicated in turn to all the members of

He passed Sylvia Morgan on his way from the hotel reading-room to the lobby to mail his letter, and when he met her he quickly turned down the address on the envelope, in order that she might not Churchill, for the first time, had a feeling of guilt that made him angry.

Churchill?" said Sylvia, teasing him with write her twenty-four pages, or only

Morgan," replied Churchill, assuming his

Her face expressed the most eager interest, as if she could not possibly be knowledge of the mountains, which had happy until she had Churchill's answer. The words were frivolous, but her manne had become friendly, which, of itself, was cluded that she was expressing respect in as far as what he considered her shal-

"It is, I hope, a permanent passion, The only one not pleased was Churchill, is a pleasure in doing one's duty, particularly under disagreeable circumstances, which I am happy to say I have felt as they hoped they would pass. more than once, and custom usually

bor; but he had his reward, as its perusal see that she had a fine face and a slender, ill's as well as others, were depreciatory, after completion proved to him that it beautiful figure, and he felt it a pity that The candidate was invariably made to apbeautiful figure, and he felt it a pity that she should be thrown away on a crude, she should be thrown away on a crude, pear in a bad light—which is an easy mat
the best of his kind in New York, but save away, and called to him. When he fore the footlights, that his face looked Churchill showed quite clearly to Mr. rough old mountaineer like Plummer.

"Thank you," she replied, humbly, "Oh, Churchill spoke his mind forcibly about if I could only have lived in the East just a little while!

> "But I assure you, Miss Morgan, I have "I do not doubt it, and they have had

Churchill looked suspiciously at her, but there was the same touch of deference in her manner, and he still honored her which he had embodied-"embodied" he

later when a messenger boy handed him made an involuntary motion to hide it, just as he had done with the letter. She but she knew as well as if he had told her that the telegram was the reply to the

Mr. Goodnight himself sent the dispatch and he thanked Churchill warmly for the very important information told so lumspectable portion of the party had hoped cote, but as he had vielded to the influ ence of another, instead of exerting his own, it would be necessary to take additional action later. Meanwhile he requested Mr. Churchill to keep him accurately and promptly informed of every hing, and Churchill at once telegraphed; ply with your request.

Then he congratulated himself, and felt good, his complacent demeanor forming a contrast to that of several others in the party. The latter were "King" Plummer Sylvia Morgan, and John Harley, all of whom were unhappy.

Harley was troubled by his conscience.

and he could not do anything to keep it from sticking those little pins into him. Sylvia Morgan, despite herself, drew him toward her had been one of hostility. Sh had a piquant touch, a manner full of unconscious allurement-the radiation of a pure soul, though it was-that he had they wrote to please him rather than to never seen in any other woman, and the narder he fought against it, the more surely it conquered him. He took from page, and wondered how he could have scornfully resented any insinuation of having done so by refusing to deny it.

"King" was unhappy, too, way, and that was very bad indeed for him. He had tried an effusive gallantry, and it did not seem to succeed any bet ter than obedience to his own impulses-It was done by impulse, and on the whole, rather worse; and now, not knowing what else to do, he sulked. It was not any sly sulking, but genuine, open sulking in his large, Western way, thus leaving it apparent to all that the the easy freedom of the West. "Do you great "King" Plummer was sad. And that meant much to the party, because in ; ense it was now personally conducted by him. In his joyous mood, which was his usual mood until the present, he had a nost grandiose air.
"Is that a permanent affection, or a a wonderful help to travel and social inercourse. They missed his timely, if now and then a trifle rough, jests, his vast some good story of every town to which they came, and his infinite zest and huand humor to every one with him. It was a grievous day for them all when "King" Plummer began to mourn. More than one guessed the cause, but wisely they refrained from any attempt to remove it. They could do nothing but endure the gloom in silence, until the clouds passed,

The candidate, too, was troubled, and sought the privacy of the special car's frawing-room more than usual. Sylvia would increase in virulence. He soon found that she was right, as the copies He soon laughed. ter to do, in any case, without sacrifice

longing by nature and cultivation to the select few. "the saving remnant," who really knew what was good for the counly responsible for what these gentlements aid. They wrote of the way in which the dignity of a great party had been destroyed by the uncouth and talkative Westerner who had been lucky enough to secure the nomination. They felt that world, and more than once asked the burning and painful question, "What will Europe say?" They asked, also, if it interrupted, were yet too late to amend the error, and "How so?" they threw forth the suggestion that the intelligent and cultured minority within the party might refrain from voting when election day came, or, in a pinch, might vote for the other man.

These communications were signed. times with names in modern English, but always they indicated a certain sense of superiority and of detachment from the

happened also to be present several days [ater when a messenger boy handed him] peaceful, among bald and flat as this plain through which are free circus."

We did not we are running." noble ambition, one that any American a position would appeal most to a strong a laugh. man. Now, even when the fight, with a united party, was desperate at best, he foresaw a defection, and hot wrath rose ip in his veins against Goodnight, the tel, with its more wonderful beds and its Monitor, and all their following.

But the worst of the whole position to a man of Grayson's open and direct temeven to dissemble, or, at least, to do that sembling. Although he was under so fierce a fire, he would not allow any one patches; and this was not always easy cians who were on the train from time to time, would grow hot at sight of the criticisms, and want to attack the writer. But Jimmy Grayson always interfered. of the press to speak so if it wished. Churchill still wondered why he was not Grayson and Sylvia maintained an elo-Meanwhile, an event destined to give

Churchill and the Monitor a yet greater shock was approaching.

CHAPTER XIII.

iue one night at Grayville, a brisk Colorado fown, dwelling snugly in the shadow of high mountains and hopeful of within its limits and the great pastoral intimated that she was the cause of its country beyond, as any of its inhabitants, asked or unasked, would readily knew that she could not have done it, have told you. Hence there was joy in and he knew, too, that she would have the train, from Jimmy Grayson down, because the next day was to be Sunday, a period of rest, no speeches to be made, nothing to write, but just rest, sleeping, eating, idling, bathing, talking-whatever one chose to do. Only those who have been on arduous campaigns can appre- Grayville who believe Boyd innocent. It clate the luxury of such a day now and then, cutting like a sweep of green grass across the long and dusty road.

There was also quite a little group of women on the train, the wives of several Colorado political leaders having joined Sylvia and Mrs. Grayson for a while, and they, too, looked forward to a day of rest and the restoration of their toilets.

"They tell me that Grayville has one of the best hotels in the mountains," said Barton to Harley, his brother correspondent. "That you can get a dinner in a dozen courses, if you want it, and every course good; that it has real porcelain- reached their shack.' mor, which also communicated more zest lined bath tubs, and beds sure to cure the worst case of insomnia on earth. Do you ly could not take." think this improbable, this extravagant but most fascinating tale can be true, Harley?"

"I live in hope," replied Harley, "Jimmy Grayson has been here before," interrupted Hobart, "and he says it's true, every word of it; if Jimmy Grayson vouches for a thing, that settles it; and publish as smart a daily as this."

the regular staff correspondent of his pa-

and a French phrase now and then were upon which a murder mystery acted as an "It is not conclusive; there was no real telepathy that the born correspondent acand a French phrase now and then were upon which a murder hystery acted a motive for Boyd to do such a thing."

freely employed. The whole burden of it irritant—he could not rest until he had motive for Boyd to do such a thing."

To whom did the knife belong?" was, "We support this candidate; but, oh, solved it-and his paper always put him how hard it is for us to do it, how badly on the great cases, such as those in which we feel about it, and how much easier it a vast metropolis like New York abounds. would be for us to support any other man!" It also printed many contributions from readers, in all of which the contributors spoke of themselves as becontributors spoke of themselves as becontributors are the support any other was restless and discontented; the come with me, like a good fellow, and speches and obvious incidents that every seven and obvious incidents that every seven in the support any other was restless and discontented; the come with me, like a good fellow, and support any other than the support any other was restless and discontented; the come with me, like a good fellow, and support any other than the support and the suppor

"Grayville, with all its advantages as a was allowed, as the paper was not direct- place of rest, is sure to be like the other

"At any rate, if Grayville is not un-usual, it is to have an unusual time," he

"It is to hear Jimmy Grayson speak Monday, and it is going to hang a man Tuesday. See, the two events get equal advance space, two columns each, on the

front page. He handed the paper to Hobart, who ooked at it a little while and then dropped it with an air of increasing discon-

stern fire for his species." Churchill, or to the Monitor, New York's "pellow in the Work's The New York's The

had a right to have, and he was in the car-window, and his expression was so ed to say. first flush of his great powers, when such gloomy that the others could not restrain

"Four more hours and we are in Gray-ville; just think of that wonderful ho-

yet more wonderful kitchen." pected or hoped, and the dawn brought a perament was the necessity to keep silent, beautiful Sunday, disclosing a pretty lit tle frontier city with its green irrigated which seemed to him very near to dis- valley on one side and the brown mountains, like a protecting wall, on the other. Harley slept late, and after breakfast to find fault with Churchill for his dis- came out on the veranda to enjoy the luxury of a rocking chair, with the soft of the mountains before him. He hoped to find Sylvia there, but neither she nor any of the ladies were present. Instead, there was a persistent, inquiring spirit this spirit belonged to Hobart, the "mys-

winging ease of the rocking chair five "I am!" he cried. "God knows I didn't other, a tall fellow with a bulging under-minutes before Hobart, the light of in- kill Bill Wofford. He wuz my partner and lip, Harley learned, was Williams, the

which Jimmy Grayson is not the over-

whelming attraction. "The hanging, I suppose," said Harley,

"Of course. What else could there be?

The candidate and his company were It occurred to me last night, when I was Hobart. up a feature or two in the case and I was out of my bed early this morning to

He chuckled outright in his glee. Harmused him. The instinctive way in

"I haven't seen Boyd yet," continued Hobart, excitedly, "but I've found out | his much already-there are people in ed man-had been quarreling in Grayville, and Boyd was taken at the shanty with the blood-stained knife in his hand; but that doesn't settle it."

Harley could not restrain an incredu-"It seems to me those two circumstances, omitting the other proof, are

pretty convincing," he said. Hobart flushed. "You just wait until finish," he said, somewhat defiantly. 'Now Boyd, as I have learned, was good-hearted, generous young fellow. The quarrel amounted to very little, and probably had been patched up before they "That is a view which the jury evident-

"Juries are often wooden-headed." "Of course-in the eyes of superior peo-

"Now don't you try to be satirical-it's recall that the shanty where the murder occurred was only a short distance from vouches for a thing, that settles it; and the mountain road, and there were three here is a copy of the Grayville Argus; it witnesses—Bill Metzger, a dissolute cowhas to be a pretty good town that can boy who was passing, and, who, attracted by Wofford's death-cry, ran to the He handed a neat sheet to Barton, who cabin and found Boyd, blood-stained knife prompt sympathy was aroused. in hand, beinding over the murdered man "There speaks the great detective," he Ed Thorpe, a tramp miner, who heard she said. "It would be an awful thing always arguing from the effect back to three minutes later, and, finally, Tim Williams, a town idler, who was on the like a bad fellow, but you know that mountainside, hunting. The other two those who are not bad are sometimes arrived, Boyd was still dazed and mut-

which his campaign was falling. In the you could have been quite a match for forced them with strong criticisms, in graduate and a gentleman with a taste of the work of a private letter it was not any woman whom I have ever known." which quotations from English writers for poetry, but he had a peculiar mind, is," said Harley, decisively.

"It was a long bread-knife that the two

used at the cabin. There you are! Proof on proof!"

Harley rose reluctantly, as he knew past him without a word and burying

that Hobart would keep his word. He be-lieved it the idlest of errands, but the jail was only a short distance from them, and he went directly to Jimmy Grayson's the business would not take long. On the room, and remained there at least half way Hobart talked to him about the three an hour, in close conference with the witnesses. Metzger, the cowboy, on the candidate himself, day of the murder, had been riding in The next day was a break in the great from a ranch farther down the valley; campaign. Owing to train connections, the other two had been about the town which are not trifles in the far West, it until a short time before the departure of was necessary, in order to complete the

stone building in the center of the town, the most comfortable, and therefore the and were shown into the condemned most suitable. And so the luxurious rest man's cell. The jailer announced them of the group was continued for twenty-with the statement:

"Tim, here's two newspaper fellers from the East wants to see you."
The prisoner was lying on a pallet in the corner of his cell, and he raised himself on his elbow when Harley and Ho-

"You are writers for the papers?" he

He was surprised at the youth of the Harley: "Old man, I don't think I'll sit

"We did not come to write you up; it

twenty-one, a mere boy, with good features and a look half defiant, half apcourse," replied Harley, as he passed 'Well, what did you come for, then?" correspondents' table on the stage.

responsibility in the least, and promptly what Jimmy Grayson would say.

and I believe you are innocent." The boy looked up. A sudden flash of not greatly different in appearance, his eyes.

erest in his eyes, pounced upon him.
"Harley, old fellow," he exclaimed, that mornin'—I don't deny it—and we Evidently the witnesses would attend both had been liquorin'; but I'd never hev Jimmy Grayson's meeting, which struck him a blow of any kind, least of natural, however, as everybody in Gray-

"It's so, but it was somebody else that such a thing himself, upon occasion, the

used the knit. Bill went on ahead, and Western interest in Jimmy Grayson bewhen I come into the place I saw him ing so great that often appeals were made was out of my bed care. When I come into the place I saw him on the floor an' the knife in 'im. I was a forlorn hope. I'll admit, but anything was better than nothing, and I've had my reward. I've had my body else would 'a' done—I pulled the papers gave.

When I come into the place I saw him on the floor an' the knife in 'im. I was struck all a-heap, but I did what anybody else would 'a' done—I pulled the papers gave.

Harley studied the faces of the three knife out. And then the fellers come in Harley studied the faces of the three ey smiled. Hobart always interested and away. Of course, I couldn't tell a straight and the light would admit, but they retale; the horror of it was still in my mained near the door, evidently intending brain, and the effect of the liquor, too. to stand there, back to the wall, a plan

his expression was rather that of grief than remorse. Harley, who had had a edge, was shepherding them as the sheplong experience with all kinds of men in herd gently makes his sheep converge s true that he and Wofford—the murder- all kinds of situations, did not believe upon a common spot. that he was either bad or guilty. Hobart spoke his thoughts aloud.

"I don't think you did it," he said, "Everybody believes I did," said Boyd, without anything special to distinguish with pathetic resignation, "and I am to them, and his attention turned to the be hanged for it. So what does it mat- audience. He had received an intimation ter now?'

said Hobart, decidedly.

his pallet. The others, with a few words manner, pointing out that its sins were of hope, withdrew, and, when they were moral as well as political, but that a outside, Harley said:

when there is no hope?" "There is hope," replied Hobart; "I retribution.
have a plan. Don't ask me anything The candidates the conditions to the candidate to the cand about it-it's vague yet-but I may work

Harley glanced at him, and, seeing that not your specialty. I mean to finish the tale. If you read the paper, you will concentrated upon this single problem, resolved to leave him to his own course so he spent part of the day, a wonderful walking with Sylvia. He told her of the

> "Suppose he should really be innocent?" "So it would. He certainly does not look

murder case and Hobart's action, and her

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.

quires. He knew, for instance, that Ho-bart was all the time with one or the other of the three witnesses-Metzger,

but he took no notice of Harley, walking

Thorpe, or Williams-for the moment the

nost important persons in Grayville by

Boyd and Wofford for their cabin. schedule, to spend an idle day at some They reached the jall, a conspicuous place, and Grayville had been selected as

Harley had never before seen the "mystery" man so eager and so full of suppressed excitement. He frequently passed his comrades, but he rarely spoke to them, or even noticed them; his mind was oncentrated now upon a great affair in which they would be of no avail. Har ley learned, however, that he was still

ference with Jimmy Grayson. In the evening everybody went to the He tapped with his finger on the dusty was for another purpose," Harley hasten- opera house to hear the candidate, but on the way Hobart said, casually prisoner, who obviously was not over in front to-night. I wish you would let down the aisle and found his chair at the

There Harley watched the fine Western Harley was unable to answer this ques- audience come into the theater and find on, and he looked at Hobart as if to seats, with some noise but no disorder, a indicate the one who would reply. The noise merely of men calling each other 'mystery" man did not seek to evade his by name, and commenting in advance on other correspondentts entered one by one "Mr. Boyd, I think you will acquit us -all except Hobart, and took their seats of any intention to intrude upon you. It on the stage. Sylvia and Mrs. Grayson was the best motives that brought us to were with some ladies in a box. Harley you. I have always had an interest in looked for Hobart, and two or three cases of this sort, and when I heard of times he saw him near the main entrance yours in the train, coming here, I received of the building. Once he was talking an impression then which has been with a brown and longish-haired youth strengthened on my arrival in Grayville. and Harley, by casual inquiry, learned gratitude, almost of hope, appeared in whom Hobart spoke occasionally, was Thorpe, the tramp miner, and yet an-

ville was sure to come, and Harley also "Was it not true that you were found surmised that Hobart had taken upon with the bloody knife in your hand, standing over his yet warm body?" asked to the methods, the manner, and the greatness of the candidate. He had done

on me. I was rushed into a trial right witnesses as attentively as the distance showed his natural genius for that sort I got all mixed up—but before God, gen'leof thing.

Sometimes adopted by those who may wish to slip out quietly before a speech His tone was strong with sincerity, and is finished. Harley, the trained observer,

The correspondent could draw no infer ence from the faces of the three men, which were all of usual Western types, them, and his attention turned to the that Jimmy Grayson intended to deliver "I am going to look for the guilty man," that evening a speech of unusual edge and weight. He would indict the other Boyd shook his head and lay back on party in the most direct and forcible day of reckoning would come, when those "Hobart, were you not wrong to sow who profited by such evil courses must the seed of hope in that man's mind pay the forfeit; it was a part of the law of nature, which was also the law

The candidate was a little late, and the opera house was filled to the last seat. with many people standing in the aisles and about the doors. Harley, glancing again at the rows and rows of faces, saw the three witnesses almost together, and just to the right of the main entrance, where they leaned against the wall, facing the stage. Hobart fluttered about m, holding them in occasional talk, and Harley was just about to look again. and with increasing attention, but at that instant the great audience, with a common impulse and a kind of rushing sound like the slide of an avalanche, rose to its feet. The candidate, coming from the wings, had just appeared upon the stage, and the welcome was spontaneous and overwhelming. Jimmy Grayson was always a serious man, but Harley noticed fore the footiights, that his face looked